

## No Old Maids There.

WHEN a Siamese girl attains the age of thirty-five without marrying she is labelled and placed in a privileged class under the special care of the King. A prisoner in any jail may gain his pardon and release by marrying one of the mature maidens.

## The Light That Shines in Adversity Has a Heavenly Origin



# Magazine Page



## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1749, of Edward Jenner, the doctor who rid the world of the scourge of smallpox by vaccination. The first public vaccination occurred in 1796. Jenner received large money grants from various cities as reward for his great discovery.

## When a Girl Marries

Jim Reveals the Fact to Anne That His Tip on Salt Water Oil Stock Came From Doris West

By Ann Lisle  
CHAPTER CXXIV.  
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BEFORE Jim could reply to my question the telephone rang, and he sprang to answer it, leaving me to hang suspended in the air between two like a great dirigible that floats across a summer sky and seems to blot out everything save its strange self from the scene.

"It was Doris West who gave him his tip to buy Salt-Water-Oil," I repeated to myself. "Why—why is she so interested in my husband?"

Hard on this came another thought. Jim's friendly knowledge of the friendly conspiracy that had given him his place in Anthony Norrey's office—he had come by that through Doris West also. Of course. The girl seemed to be electing herself presiding genius of my husband's fortune. And the more I profited thereby the more I would—hate Doris West. In failure and poverty, there would be this consolation: I wouldn't have to owe anything to her.

Jim's voice broke in on my thoughts. Jim's voice in frantic ejaculations—not to me, but to the unseen speaker at the other end of the telephone wire.

"Good enough! Twenty-eight—I should say not—Hold on—No, of course it won't flatter—Read the report, man—No, I couldn't stand it down there watching the ticker—Fire—call me every half hour—Twenty-eight and a half now—Didn't I tell you?"

Jim hung up the receiver and turned to me with the still, tense look I had come to know meant the excitement of the game and the fever to win.

Going To Be Rich.

"Did you hear that? It's up to twenty-eight and a half already—likely twenty-nine by now. We'll make a killing, Anne—a killing! By Jove, girl, you're going to be rich!"

He limped across the room with a sort of hop and skip, seized my hands in his, and balancing himself firmly on his strong left ankle, he twirled around in a little pirouette that seemed to bring out all his boyish sweetness. When he was in a mood like that nothing Jim did could seem wrong to me. And when he held me off and began patting my shoulders with quick, staccato taps I began to feel as big a "kid" as my Jimmy Boy.

There were black thoughts ready

## Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

AFTER the story of Jack and the Bean Stalk was finished, Puss Junior toasted his toes in front of the fire, and pretty soon the little old man began to snore, and this made Tom Thumb so sleepy that he, too, fell asleep. But the little yellow hen was wide awake and so was Puss Junior, for they had become so excited in telling their adventures with the Giant that they didn't feel the least bit sleepy.

And just then the wind, which was blowing through the forest, came down the chimney and scattered the ashes all over the floor and some blew in the little old man's face.

"Botheration!" he exclaimed, walking with a start. "My beard nearly caught on fire. But never mind. Tell us another tale, my good Sir Cat."

Puss Junior wrinkled his forehead; then he scratched his head, and after that he said, "I will tell you about Cinderella. One evening, as I was walking through a deep forest, I saw a little light through the trees."

"So I hurried on, and pretty soon I came to a small house, and when I looked through the window I saw Cinderella sitting alone by the fire-side. She seemed very sad, for every now and then she wiped her eyes with her apron. Suddenly a queer little old woman with a high peaked hat, bounced in through the door. And the next minute Cinderella's old dress changed into a magnificent gown. Then the queer little old woman waved her wand, and in purred six little mice drawing a coach."

"What do you suppose would have happened to you, Mr. Puss Junior, if you had dashed in and eaten one of those little mice?" said Tom Thumb.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Puss, "but I didn't. I just hung on to the window-sill and looked in. Suddenly the little mice drew the coach out of the room, and when they were outside the house the old woman waved her wand, and behold, there stood six beautiful white horses and a coach big enough for Cinderella to ride in."

"In another moment she ran out of the house, her little glass slippers going clinkety-clink on the stone walk. Then the footman helped her in and closed the door, and after that he blew his beautiful silver horn and away rattled the coach to the ball."

"And just as it disappeared in the darkness the fairy godmother came. 'Come inside, my dear Puss Junior,' she said. So I walked in and sat down by the fire, and next thing you shall hear what happened after that."

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To Be Continued.

A New Novel.

Adolphus—I've written a new novel. Come up to my room and I'll show you the proofs.

Friend—Proofs? Why, old chap, I don't doubt your word in the least!

## A Story of Early Wedded Life

wonderful. Weren't you clever to manage that! Run along, dear."

For a moment it seemed to me that Jim stared at me with a certain hostile intention as if to say, "You think you're clever, don't you? But I'll tell you nothing I don't want you to know."

But I dismissed my foolish fancies when he kissed me on the forehead a second later and rushed pell-mell from the place.

The phone didn't ring again until Jim returned ten minutes later. He took it up and reported, "Forty-six and going strong."

Then he took his place in a chair he drew up within reach of the receiver, and every five minutes, he rose, took down that receiver and signalled some one who seemed to wait at the other end of the wire. For almost an hour, Jim didn't speak to me—but sat crouching in his chair near the black box of the telephone. His face was gray and drawn, with spots of color riding high on his cheeks under glittering eyes. I had seen him so before.

This was what gambling could do to Jim. Wealth might be coming to us; it might be poverty and a heavy burden of debt we were facing. I was so frightened by Jim's aspect and manner that I dreaded either—both—anything we won in a gamble.

When next Jim spoke to me, I glanced involuntarily at my watch. It was eight minutes past 3.

"I sold out my Salt Water Oil—at sixty-seven," he said, in a voice that was dead and flat. Then it took to sudden exaltation. "We're started, Anne—we're going to be rich, girl."

And Jim and I stared at each other—wondering, wondering. What would money bring to us?

To Be Continued.

## That Tired Feeling

A MEDICAL AUTHORITY EXPLAINS IT

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THERE are four general causes of "that tired feeling." They are, first, digestive disturbances; second, intestinal intoxication; third, neurasthenia; and fourth, oxygen starvation.

With regard to the first cause, imperfect digestion lessens energy because there is an interruption of the processes of nutrition. You can't have nervous and muscular vigor unless digestion is reasonably good. Good digestion depends upon good teeth, good food and good elimination. Good elimination is governed largely by exercise and bathing. As regards food, avoid particularly excessive consumption of starches and sugars, which produce acid fermentation.

With regard to the second cause, intestinal intoxication lessens energy because of the formation of poisons which are taken up by the blood and then depress that part of the nervous system which ordinarily dispenses pep.

Excessive consumption of proteins (meat and eggs) or insufficient in-

take of oxygen wherewith to burn up injurious decomposition products brings this condition about commonly. Drowsy people who lack punch are apt to be victims of intestinal intoxication.

With regard to the third cause, neurasthenia lessens energy because of the nervous fatigue because of the nervous system in this disease. The problem in these cases is often suitable employment rather than rest. This sounds paradoxical, but it is generally true. Congenial work usually cures.

If you don't love your work it tires you unduly. An Edison isn't interested in the eight-hour day proposition at all. The average nervous system has immense reserves to draw upon if the owner is engaged in congenial work.

With regard to the fourth cause, oxygen starvation lessens energy because man was intended to be an outdoor animal, whereas he has developed a mania for shutting himself up in boxes sealed as hermetically as possible. Without oxygen—fresh air—our poisonous "end products" are not burned up and clog, poison and depress us.

## The Rhyming Optimist

A Course Dinner

By Aline Michaelis.

A FRIEND of mine asked me to dine with him not long ago, sir; I must not state the place or date, my cause you'll shortly know, sir. "Mic viosions sweet of things to eat I to his homestead ambled; with pies and beans and ustad greens my busy fancy gamboled. The feast he board up by a boned, and stored with silver gaily gleaming, with linens white and crystal bright and candle light aboaming. A slender vase at every place held two tall scarlet roses, and I'll declare upon each chair was pinned a bunch of posies. The china, too, was fair to view; eggshells could be no thinner, and this display all seemed to me. 'Wait 'til you lamp the dinner!' But when I got upon the spot I found within my platter a soup spoon and a golden band, with soup a tiny spatter."

A pinch of roast, a scrap of toast, a dash of sweet potatoes with half a side of whitefish fried, a soupcon of tomato; I saw wine and passed brutt at last the yardman brought the salad of mustard seed, a bit of

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

In cleaning rusty steel, well oil the rusty parts and set aside in this state for two or three days. Then wipe dry with clean rags and polish with emery or pumice stone. When very rust and a very high polish is desired, rub the article with a little black lime. Bright articles are beautiful cleaned in a few minutes by using a small portion of emery and afterward polishing with flour of emery or rotten stone.

When beating eggs, if a whisk is not handy, use three forks instead of one. They are just as easy to hold as one, and the eggs can be beaten in about a third of the time.

Not Going to Withdraw It.

A man who had a very bad impediment in his speech once got into an argument with an acquaintance to whom he had taken great dislike. The dispute became hotter and hotter until the unfortunate stammerer completely lost his temper. "You're a f-i-t-f-oo!" he shouted furiously. "Sir," replied the acquaintance coldly, "you must retract that at once." "Never!" retorted the stammerer. "I'm only too glad to get it out!"

## The Roman Baths.

The Romans had baths so splendid that they put our boastfulness about modern sanitation to silence. The most famous of these are the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian. In connection with these great baths four thousand yards of stateries were used by the slaves for marvelous heating and ventilating systems. Near these baths splendid drains for carrying off the water were excavated. In spite of the many hundred years that have elapsed since they were built, these drains are almost as good as they ever were.

In these galleries, besides the ordinary baths, there were halls with niches where baths were taken for sacrificial rites. This is proved by the inscriptions found on the walls. Many of these inscriptions are in Greek, and are prayers to the gods.

## Equal to the Occasion.

"Speaking of accommodating hotel managers," said a traveler, "the best I ever met was in a provincial town I reached the hotel late in the evening. Just before I retired I heard a scampering under the bed, and saw a couple of large rats just escaping. I at once complained at the office. The manager was as serene as a summer breeze. 'I'll fix that all right, sir,' he said. 'I'll take a cat to room 16 at once!'"

## No Wonder!

Mrs. Jobling: "I don't know what is the matter with this clock, but it won't go." Her husband looked at it, then oiled it, and blew in it with the bellows, but it would not go, and he went to bed. The next morning his wife said, "Henry, I know what is the matter with the clock." Well, what? asked her husband. "It wants winding," she said.

## Scientific.

Doctor—As for your trouble with your husband, madam, I may tell you it is a scientific fact that meat causes bad temper. Mrs. Bloggs: Oh, yes, I've noticed that it always does when it is burned!

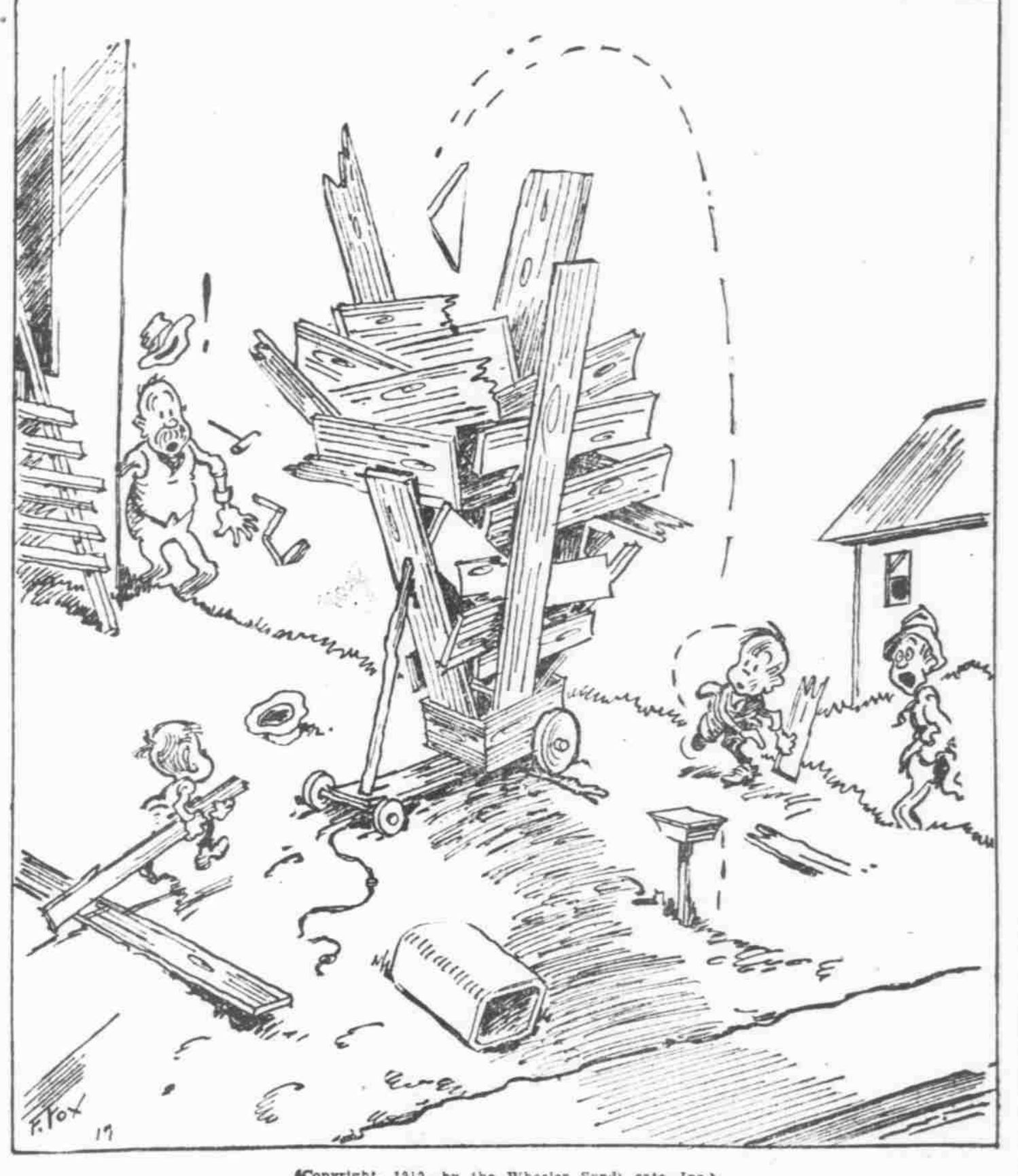
Famous as Queen and Woman Elizabeth of Rumania, whose Sacrifice and Heroism Won Her a place in the Hearts of Her People.



Photo by International.

The Builder Told the Kids They Could Have Just One Load of Wood If They'd Keep Away Afterward.

By FONTAINE FOX



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## "The Dark Star"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

The Princess Smiles Mechanically as Neeland Finishes His Thrilling Narrative of the Bomb Plot and Rue Carew Shudders

(Continued From Yesterday)

When he finished his account of the dreadful situation in the state-room of the *Dumont*, and how at the last second her unerring shot had shattered the bomb clock, cut the guy-rope, and smashed the water-jug which deluged the burning fuses, he added with a very genuine laugh:

"If only some photographer had taken a few hundred feet of film for me I could retire on an income in a year and never do another stroke of honest work!"

The Princess smiled, mechanically, but Rue Carew dropped her white face to the Princess Naia's shoulder as though suddenly fatigued.

CHAPTER XXVII.

From Four to Five.

The Princess Mischenska and Rue Carew had retired to their respective rooms for that hour between four and five in the afternoon, which the average woman devotes to cat-naps or to that aimless feminine fussing which must ever remain a mystery to man.

The afternoon had turned very warm; Neeland, in his room, lay on the lounge in his undershirt and trousers, having arrived too late toward bathing and changing his attire.

No breeze stirred the lattice blinds hanging over the windows, and the semi-dark of the room was pierced here and there by slender shafts of sunlight which lay almost white across the carpet and striped the opposite wall; the roseholol lamp was very silent in the July afternoon.

And Neeland lay there thinking about all that had happened to him and trying to bring it home to himself and make it seem plausible and real; and could not.

For even now the last ten days of his life seemed like a story he had read concerning someone else. Nor did it seem to him that he personally had known all those people concerned in this wild, exaggerated, grotesque story. They, too, took their place on the printed page, appearing, lingering, disappearing, reappearing, as chapter succeeded chapter in a romance too obvious, too palpably sensational to win the confidence and credulity of a young man of today.

Fed to repetition on noisily contemporary fiction, his finer perception blunted by the daily and raucous yell of the New York press, his imagination too long overstrained by Broadway drama and now flaccid and incapable of further response to its leering or trickling appeal, the din of twentieth-century art fell on nerveless ears and on a brain benumbed and sceptical.

Too Much Learning.

And so when everything that he had found grotesque, illogical, laboured, obvious, and clamorously redundant in literature and the drama began to happen and continued to happen in real life to him—and went on happening and involving himself and others all around him in the pleasant July sunshine of 1914, this young man, made intellectually blasé, found himself without sufficient capacity to comprehend it.

There was another matter with which his mind was struggling as he lay there, his head cradled on his elbow, watching the thin blue spirals from his cigarette mount straight to the ceiling, and that was the metamorphosis of Rue Carew.

Where was the thin girl he remembered—with her untidy chestnut hair and freckles, and a rather sweet mouth—dressed in garments the only mission of which was to cover a flat chest and frail body and limbs whose too rapid growth had outstripped maturity?

To search for her he went back to the beginning, where a little girl in a pink print dress, bare-legged and bare-footed, sat on a high-backed ancient rail fence and looked up shyly at him as he warned her to keep out of range of the fusillade from the bushes across the pasture.

He thought of her again at the noisy party in Gayfield on that white night in winter; visualized the tall, shy, overgrown girl who did the light-brown hair and made no complaint when her slim foot was trodden on. And again he remembered the sleigh and the sleighbells clashing and tinkling under the moon, the light from her doorway, and how she stood looking back at him; and how, on the mischievous impulse of the moment, he had gone back and kissed her—

At the memory an odd sensation came over him, scaring him a little. How on earth had he ever had the temerity to do such a thing to her? And, as he thought of this exquisite, slender, clear-eyed young girl who had greeted him at the Paris terminal—this charming embodiment of all that is fresh and sweet and fearless—in her perfect hat and gown of mondaine youth and fashion, the memory of his temerity appeared him.

Imagine his taking an unencouraged liberty now!

Nor could he dare imagine encouragement from the Rue Carew so amazingly revealed to him.

Out of what, in heaven's name, had this lovely girl developed? Out of a shy, ragged bare-legged child, haunting the wild blackberry tangles in Brookhollow?

Out of the frail, charmingly awkward, pathetic, freckled millhand in her homemade party clothes, the rather sweet expression of whose mouth once led him to impudent indiscretion?

Out of what had she been evolved—this young girl whom he had left just now standing beside her boudoir door with the Princess Naia's arm around her waist? Out of the frightened, white-lipped, shabby girl who had come dragging her trembling limbs and her suit-

case up the dark stairway outside his stateroom? Out of the young thing with sagging hair, crouched in an armchair beside his desk, where her cheap hat lay with two cheap hatpins sticking in the crown? Out of the fragile figure burst in at the bedclothes of a stateroom berth, holding out to him a thin, bare arm in voiceless adieu?

And Neeland lay there thinking, his head on his elbow, the other arm extended—from the fingers of which the burnt-out cigarette presently fell to the floor.

He thought to himself:

"She is absolutely beautiful; there's no denying that. It's not her clothes or the way she does her hair, or her voice, or the way she moves, or how she looks at a man; it's the whole business. And the whole bally business is a miracle, that's all. Good Lord! And to the gods I ever had the nerve—the nerve!"

He swung himself to a sitting posture, sat gazing into space for a few moments, then continued to undress by pulling off one shoe, lighting a cigarette, and regarding his other foot fixedly.

That is the manner in which the vast majority of young men do their deepest thinking.

However, before 5 o'clock he had scrubbed himself and arrayed his fresh linen-constructed person in fresh linen-constructed clothing, and now he sauntered out through the hallway and down the stairs to the rear drawing-room, where a tea table had been brought in and tea paraphernalia arranged. Although the lamp under the kettle had been lighted, nobody was in the room except a West Highland terrier curled up on a lounge, without lifting his snow-white head, regarded Neeland out of the wisest and most penetrating eyes the young man had ever encountered.

Here was personality! Here was a dog not to be approached lightly or with flippant familiarity. No! That small, long, short-legged body with the bluish-grey wiry white hair was fairly insistent with dignity, wisdom, and uncompromising self-respect.

"That dog," thought Neeland, venturing to seat himself on a chair opposite, "is a Presbyterian if ever there was one. And I, for one, haven't the courage to address him until he deigns to speak to me."

A Scene of Beauty.

He looked respectfully at the dog, glanced at the kettle which had begun to steam, and a little then looked out of the long windows at the twilight garden where a few slender fruit trees grew along the walls in the rear of well-kept flower beds, now gay with white larkspur, poppies, heliotrope, and edged with the biggest and bluest pansies he had ever beheld.

On the wall a Peacock, butterfly spread its brown velvet and gorgeously eyed wings to the sun's warmth; a blackbird with brilliant yellow beak stood astride a peach twig and poured out a bubbling, incessant melody full of fluted grace notes. And on the grass oval a kitten frisked with the ghosts of last month's dandelions, racing after the drifting fluff and occasionally keeling over to attack its own tail, after the enchanting manner of all kittens.

(To Be Continued Monday)

## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Good Reputation.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-two, of good reputation. A few days ago, a young man of advice. This June we have planned to go West with three men, one being a brother of one of the girls. All three are trustworthy and have just been released from the army. I have told of our plan that we should not be permitted to go. But we think it will be all right, seeing that one of the girls' brothers will accompany us. What advice would you give us?

The expedition sounds pretty unconventional to me, and I am afraid I agree with your friends that it is rather ill-advised. Why not talk the matter over with your mothers and see if it is not possible to plan your trip with some older woman of your acquaintance is going.

## Girls Plan to Go West.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

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## Painful Insinuation.

Little six-year-old, to young aunt showing him a family portrait—What a funny way that gran'pa is dressed, auntie!

Auntie—That is the way gentlemen dressed more than a hundred years ago.

Six-year-old—And when gentlemen dressed like that, what did you wear, auntie?